

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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OF DOGS.

I HOPE my young readers have been sufficiently interested in the few anecdotes I have related about cats and dogs to be glad to know that I have one or two more to communicate to them.

The more we observe, the more we know of the animal creation as of all the others works of God, the more we reverence, the more we love the great, the beneficent Power that gave them life. Many, if not all, must have read the beautiful story of the man who in his prison made the growth and progress and maturity of a single little plant his serious study till it became a teacher of immortality to him. At first it was only occupation to him, then great pleasure, and the precious flower was companion and friend to him; it beguiled him of his sorrow and made him forget his loneliness; soon he felt that he was not alone; the small flower revealed the

Father of all, to his soul. Misfortune had shaken his faith in a presiding Power; he doubted whether there was an almighty loving Parent, who cared for all his children: but from this frail passing flower, budded and bloomed and unfolded and ripened in his heart the flower and fruit of an immortal hope; he saw God in his perfect works, and felt an assured trust that he would never desert the creature of his hands, the being whom he had formed in his own image. I knew a good, great man who would never tread upon the meanest flower he met in his walks, who would not wantonly destroy a shell upon the sea shore.

When I was very young, I was walking in a garden with one of these true lovers of God in His works: suddenly he stooped his head very low, and bade me stoop mine also. "See," he said, "that beautiful web: do not break it: the little creature who made it has worked very hard to do it; let us not destroy it." The lesson was given many years ago. I have forgotten many things since then, but this will last me through life, let it be ever so long. Who does not love good Uncle Toby, who, when a troublesome fly tormented and tickled his nose and sipped his wine, put him tenderly out of the window, saying to him, "Go: there is room enough in this world for thee and me." But to my stories. One is a sad one, but it is true, as are also all the others.

A gentleman was once travelling in France, on horseback, followed by his dog; presently his dog began to show great uneasiness, and run and jump up at him, and bark violently; he saw no one near, and could not understand what made him bark; but the dog persisted in barking; at last he scolded the dog: this did no good,

the dog still barked and jumped up trying to get hold of his legs; his master scolded him repeatedly, but all in vain, the dog barked louder and louder; at last his master struck him with the butt-end of his whip, we will hope harder than he intended, but he rode on satisfied that he had silenced the dog. After awhile he found that he had lost his purse. He went back some miles, till at last he saw his dog lying dead in the road with his paw over his purse, guarding it even in death. The poor creature had staggered back to the place where he had seen it fall, and faithful to the last in spite of his master's cruelty, even in death guarded his property.

A knowledge of character, or comprehension of language, or some other faculty which seems far beyond what we can explain, is often discovered in dogs. There was a family, who had given leave to two poor men to come when they had nothing else to do and saw wood, do chores, &c. One of these was very honest; the other often took what did not belong to him. The family dog took no especial notice of the honest man, but treated him in a friendly way, but the thief he watched all the time, that he might guard the property of the family.

Another dog was on board a vessel bound to some place in Europe. The vessel was driven in a storm against a rocky coast; it struck under a steep, perpendicular cliff perfectly inaccessible, and the ship's company were in such a situation that if relief were not soon given, the vessel must go to pieces and they must all perish. The dog leaped into the angry sea, and with some difficulty swam ashore: he ran on till he came to the dwelling of a poor man; he barked loudly till he

attracted the attention of the owner, who came out of his door to him. The dog showed great joy at seeing him, and ran towards the shore and then back to him, and leaped upon him and licked his hands; this he did repeatedly, till the man followed him.

It was some distance to the shore, and after awhile the man was tired and thought it was foolish to go after the dog, and turned to go home. The dog immediately showed great distress, and tried the same arts to entice him on; but the man seemed resolved to go home. At last the dog stood upon his hind legs and put his paws upon the man's shoulders and looked him in the face with such a human meaning, such a piteous expression, that the man determined to follow him.

The dog led him, not to the cliff under which the vessel was lying, as there she could not be seen, but to a distant place on a point where it was visible. Ropes were immediately obtained, and the crew were all hoisted up, and every life saved, and this was by the intelligent love of this faithful creature, we cannot call him a brute.

These stories were told me by Mr. W. R. of New Bedford, who gave the name of the captain of the wrecked vessel, and who said he was sure this was true as well as the other stories, both of which he related to me.

A fact of this kind fell once under my own observation. One night our dog made a barking at the door till at last he brought some one out; he then ran towards the road, and when he found he was not followed, came back and barked, and then ran to the road and back again, and so on till we understood he wanted to be followed, and some one went with him. He immediate-

ly led the way to a ditch over which there was a bridge without any guard ; there it seemed a horse and wagon had been upset. The wagon had fallen upon the driver in such a way that he could not move. The dog sat by, quietly, seeing the men who immediately came to the aid of the poor man take him out, and put him in his wagon and new harness his horse, and set him off comfortably on his way again. Who shall say how much of the compassionate love of the good Samaritan was in his canine heart ? or who shall exactly measure and justly designate the joy of the other faithful, intelligent animal who saved the crew of the wrecked vessel ?

A great writer has called "consideration the eye of the soul." Solomon says, "Consider the lilies of the field." This consideration will enable us to see God in all that He has created ; then we shall see not only with the eye of the body, but with the eye of the soul. Had the man who struck his dog when he troubled him with his bark, learned to look and listen with the mental eye and ear, he would not have struck his dog, but would have followed him like the poor man whose obedience to this spiritual perception enabled him to have the great joy of saving the lives of a number of his fellow men.

This habit of seeing God in all that he has made will save us from all cruelty, all unkindness, even all dullness of heart ; it will destroy contempt. A wise man of the ancient days has said, "Whoever sees God in all things will never feel contempt." It will as it were create a new heaven and a new earth within and around us.

E. L. F.

THE DWARF APOSTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ON the south side of the Oberwald and between two high mountain ranges lies the Einfischthal. This valley is seven miles long and is traversed by the stream of the Ascus which flows into it from under the icy vault of a huge glacier. The only entrance to it, is towards the village of Sitten, between two mountains that seem to touch the sky, and beneath masses of rock piled one above the other, that still at the present day render the pass frightful and dangerous in the extreme. In former times it was all but impossible to descend from this snow-chamber into the head valley of the Wallis during the winter season; of late years the inhabitants cut a path in the rock that they named Les Pontis, (that is the Bridge,) but which even now is in such a condition during the greater part of the year that the author would hardly be induced to pass over it, though a crown were to be found on its topmost step. Whosoever, however, does successfully accomplish the perilous ascent, will be rewarded with various lovely prospects: one, a broad valley, partly wild and partly cultivated, inhabited by a people who belong to the strongest and most primitive of the Alpine tribes. Moreover the friendly lady reader may there become acquainted with a fashion which she assuredly will meet with in few other places, the custom which those shepherds have of eating out of hollows scooped in their old wooden tables, just as other folks do out of plates. How long the chamois grazed undisturbed over the tracts and meadows of the Einfischthal has never been ascer-

tained ; tradition tells us that a band of Teutons escaping out of Italy first settled themselves in it, as in a natural fortress within whose inaccessible walls and easily guarded portal lay pasturage abundant and various enough for their cows, their goats and their sheep. One thing is certain, that Sitten the chief town of Wallis had long been the residence of a bishop, while in this rocky angle of the mountains the ancient idols of Germany were still adored. Salt for themselves and their cattle was the only thing which these heathen demanded from the rest of the world, from which they were so nearly cut off by their rocky walls ; for of this mineral no trace was found in this valley, nor indeed does it exist throughout the greater part of Switzerland. This necessary article they exacted as a tribute from the inhabitants of the head valley, and extorted it moreover club in hand whenever it was not freely yielded, for which reason they became the terror and the scourge of their Christian neighbors. The bishop of Sitten sent missionaries to them from time to time, but of all who went none returned, and probably they ended their missions under the knife of the Druids or in the rushing waves of the Ascus : however that may be, not one came back to tell how many or how few were the dwellers in the heathen valley. At length the powerful baron Witschard von Rau, a crusader upon a small scale, offered up in the hands of the bishop, and at the high altar of the cathedral of Sitten, a solemn vow, not to put razor to his beard again till he had extirpated by fire and sword the heathens of Einfischthal.

An unusually hot and dry summer appeared likely soon to bring about a fulfilment of this vow ; the Ascus, as it afterwards appeared, was divided and led off into

various channels by the heathens to water their deeper meadows, and by this means had been reduced to a small stream of inconsiderable volume. The easiest method of approach therefore appeared to be to climb from step to step up its rocky channel, for in any other mode of attack ladders and various other machines would have been required which would have greatly aggravated the difficulty of the crusade.

Taking advantage of the condition of the stream, the baron lost no time therefore, but on the eve of the Holy Assumption of the Virgin, in August, ascended into the silent depths of the pass, followed by three hundred of his vassals. Hardly however had they attained the top of the first steep ascent, hardly had he gained a small meadow surrounded with a hedge where he could unfurl his banner and muster his people, than a huge dog not far from them began to bark and howl; immediately a powerful horn woke all the echoes round, and before half an hour had expired, pillars of flame shot up from every rocky eminence more numerous than the Wallisians could count, or even see for the windings of the valley; from the number of these fires it was almost certain that the superiority of numbers was greatly on the enemy's side, and though the baron was one of the bravest, he was not among the foolhardy of his time; he therefore held a short council of war with his yassals, and immediately commenced a retreat, remaining himself the last of all like the captain of a wrecked vessel. As he was about to set his foot upon the uppermost step of the pass, he looked back once more and became convinced that they had not withdrawn a moment too soon. Hundreds and hundreds of single torches flew like *ignes-fatui*

up the mountain sides and the distant sound of a hollow murmur began to make itself heard, growing gradually louder and more near. Nothing more however appeared to be apprehended, and the attacking party descended without further inconvenience, though considerably nettled, into the rocky channel of the now shallow Ascus. The heathens in Einfischthal however, so soon as the alarm had reached them, instantly and before taking any other measures of defence, closed all the drains of their water courses in order to bar the retreat of the enemy and cut off all succor from them by pouring down upon them the full torrent of the stream. The baron and his vassals had not therefore reached the latter third of the pass, when the Ascus, like an aroused lioness, sprang with all its wonted fury upon the horsemen and overtook them upon the last edge of her domain. It behoved them now, to scramble with what speed they might out upon the nearest rocks and bushes, for the enemy had moreover, as soon as the stream began to swell, cast into its current stones and logs which were now hurled by the foaming and enraged lioness upon the invaders who had ventured into her den. Fortunately at this critical moment the moon rose over the ravine. The baron reached Sitten again before matins, having, besides the miscarriage of the enterprise, no heavier loss than that of his banner to lament. This too, was found some time after by some daring shepherd boys who descended into the deep bed of the river, with sundry helmets, halbards and crests which had been lost in the heathen shower bath. At the banquet which the baron gave on the following evening in order to wash out his own and his vassals' discomfiture in Wallis wine, which according to report

may vie with the juice of the Spanish grape, he exclaimed with a laughing lip, but bitter gall in his heart, "We were minded, my masters, to baptize the heathen, but they have baptized us, and rather more soundly too than the right reverend bishop will rejoice at." This jest however did not find the usual echo among his fellow wassailers; on the contrary a universal silence ensued, such as is apt to follow the sudden awaking of an unpleasant recollection. This pause was taken advantage of by a crippled dwarf who had been satisfying his hunger in an obscure part of the hall with the crumbs from the lordly board. He wriggled slowly upon his cramped limbs up to the baron's chair of state, and making so deep an obeisance that the spectators feared his hump would overbalance him, opened his crooked mouth and said: "Gracious Lord, I will undertake the conquest of the Einfischthal—I alone, with no other help but that of God, provided you will give me for that end the big gospel book with the fair images and golden characters that the bishop gave you last Christmas Eve." A general shout of laughter hailed the conclusion of this address; but the baron, beckoning for silence, answered in a tone that bore the same proportion to the dwarf's squeaking voice that the deep organ bass does to a shrill treble string. "But how, friend Zaccheus, how wilt thou do this?" "Most gracious Lord," answered the little deformity, "all I can say is this, I can read like a Benedictine; the heathen up there look upon me not as a man but a thing, and I can speak their language as well as our own." "Thou understandest the heathen tongue that no man on the Rhone can speak?" "Si signor—it is now about twenty years since the heathen fell upon Sitten, and

seized a quantity of salt which in my mind it would have been wiser to have sent them. One of the savages saw me, and taking me peradventure for a salt bag dragged me up to the governor of their tribe, who considering me as some strange sport of nature, kept me for three years, until I managed to escape from these heathen vultures and returned safely at last to my poor mother. Briefly, give me the gospel book, and sharpen your razor again, for you will soon need it." The baron granted the suppliant's petition, Zaccheus took the gospel book out of the closet in the wall, kissed it, wrapped it carefully in the scarf which he wore in token of his being the baron's own dwarf, and returned to his cottage to pass the night in prayer. With his old mother's blessing and his Testament carefully wrapped up under his arm, the small apostle started on his way at daybreak, and proceeded to the brink of the Ascus which had become quite shallow again. As soon as he reached the deepest part of the pass, his progress became very much like that of a child of two years old climbing a steep staircase with his dear dog in his arms. So far as his disproportionately long arms could stretch, he raised them and laid his book upon some high ledge of rock above him, drawing his body laboriously up after it. He had still some fragments of the baron's banquet in his pilgrim's pouch, and from time to time he recruited his failing strength with these. After this fashion he reached towards evening the last steep upon the edge of the Einfischthal. The gigantic border warder who stood there at his post helped him over at once, and hailing him as an old acquaintance, refreshed him with milk out of his leather bottle, and led him into the midst of the

assembled people, who after the baron's attempt had been summoned together and were still congregated in order to consult and determine upon the further means of securing and defending the valley. They all rejoiced at the dwarf's reappearance, and certainly an absence of seventeen years had rather increased than diminished the extraordinary deformity and irregularity of his appearance, and as he related in all its details the discomfiture of Witschard on the day before, and described how he and his people had been drenched and driven home, an inextinguishable peal of laughter arose such as Einsischthal had never rung with before. The old blind Landamann or governor, who was ninety years old, and who sat upon a stone somewhat higher than the others, alone seemed unmoved, or rather to grow sterner and gloomier the longer the merriment was prolonged. At length he broke in upon it with words of severe reprimand, sternly insisting that according to the most ancient custom of this tribe, the dwarf, like any other stranger who intruded uncalled into their valley, should forthwith be flung into the glacier of the Weisshorn as an offering to the ice-giant. In the meantime Zaccheus, taking no notice of his blind antagonist, uncovered his gospel book; a loud exclamation of astonishment ran through the whole assembly as he lifted the cover of the book embossed with crystal, and displayed to all eyes the splendid title page, with its golden, red, blue, and pale green arabesques. Already some of the principal men of the tribe expressed their opinion that life should be granted to the strange creature who had brought such a beautiful book with him; but the blind governor, who in spite of his gutta serena saw further than they did with their

sound eyes, pronounced in the most determined tone as follows: "When the dwarf was brought up, I did not put him to death, but on the contrary allowed him to feed and live with my hounds, but now that of his own free will he hath come up hither, he must die according to the law, and his blood be on his own head." As the old man waxed more and more earnest, Zaccheus determined to avail himself of the sense yet unassailed by infirmity, and, beseeching his adversary's hearing, said, "My Lord, I will not pretend to be better than the other Wallisers who have been sacrificed before me to the ice-giant,—but in this beautiful volume, whereof you cannot see the images, are also written characters, and if you will allow me, I will read to you only one single portion of it,"—and before the Landamann could say either yes or no, the small apostle began to read the eleventh chapter of John,—with his piercing voice, whose strange sound rivetted the attention of the hearer,—and with the measured solemnity the heathen were accustomed to in the recitations of their bards, and which was necessary to enable the [diminutive reader extemporaneously to translate the Wallischenthal into the language of the Einfischthal. This attack on the Landamann succeeded completely—he gradually wavered, and finally granted the dwarf a reprieve until he should have read the whole book through, in certain portions before the whole assembled people on the day of the God Irej. It will easily be believed that the dwarf apostle did not over-hurry himself with his readings partly out of a natural love for his own young life, and partly on account of his purpose of converting the heathen, which was of more importance to him even than his own life. The winter came on be-

fore he had got through the Gospel of Matthew, and as the deep snows at this season rendered it as impossible for the people to come together from their scattered and isolated dwellings as if they lived in Iceland, the rest of the reading was postponed till the next summer. Zaccheus in the meantime was well cared for under the hospitable roof of a bard, who, by the Landamann's command committed to memory through the course of the winter the most remarkable passages out of the volume. This agreed well, too, with the dwarf's plan, and he zealously furthered his host's endeavors, so that the latter, by the next pasture-time, could carry in hymns from Alp to Alp all the Gospel histories, from the Lord's birth to his ascension. But to the bard's anxious desire to learn the characters themselves in the sacred volume, Zaccheus would not yield. During the following summer, the dwarf read the three remaining Gospels, and in the meanwhile the bard with whom he had spent the winter wandered from Alp to Alp with his new songs, and the shepherds with their wives and children often sat whole moonlight nights under the fir trees before him and listened to him, more eagerly than our congregations do to their preachers—and thus, as it could not fail to happen, the word of God wrought with power and with life. Something unwonted was stirring in the hearts of these people, and only some outward impulse of circumstance was wanted to make it appear in the happiest manner, as in a vessel of freezing water the process of crystallization is more rapid if the vessel be gently stirred. For it must be borne in mind that Zaccheus explained fully and impressively almost at every reading that the contents of his book were neither fables nor

legends, but events which had in deed and in truth formerly come to pass. Even the old governor experienced an unusual disquiet in his mind and heart, which, however, instead of ascribing to the marvellous readings and recitations he had heard, he attributed to the fact of his having so long reprieved the stranger's life, and withheld the sacrifice from the ice-giant contrary to the law of the tribe and the voice of his own conscience. As soon therefore as the poor dwarf Zaccheus had finished the last leaf of his Gospels, he commanded the Apostle's book to be hung round his neck, and both together to be flung into the glacier. And now he was inexorable, and the hard sentence had to be fulfilled. With the holy book hanging round his neck, poor Zaccheus went halting before his escort through the whole length of the valley, undismayed, however, and joyful as the holy martyr Stephen when he was led to the stoning. Sometimes, in order to rest himself, and sometimes that he might yet gain a few minutes for his sacred cause, he sat down upon some projecting rock, and for the last time testified to the heathen in short and powerful discourses, that through him who was sacrificed and rose again, and ascended into Heaven, could they alone find salvation and peace. He could read compassion for his fate in every countenance, but the blue glacier above the Weisshorn thundered on that day louder than it had done during the whole summer, and the ice-giant seemed to be calling for his lingering victim. They hastened therefore with the condemned, and arrived at the glacier, cast him, or to speak more properly, let him down rather than cast him, into a newly opened cleft in it. When the glacier had received its prey, it

seemed to thunder louder than before, and the people ran in a mass away, terrified lest they should share the dwarf's fate, and be devoured by the raging giant. But this cleft, which had burst open with a frightful explosion shortly before the arrival of Zaccheus in the valley, was such that the dwarf did not fall very deep, but remained sitting or rather hanging midway in it. In this position he was able (one might almost say comfortably,) to consider what further there was to be done. One glance upward convinced him that climbing in that direction was not to be thought of. Commending therefore repeatedly his soul to the Lord, he began after the fashion of chimney sweepers to descend lower and lower. The Gospel book about his neck was a sore and heavy hindrance to him in this process, and he could easily have cast it away, but he would sooner have left his life than his precious book in the abyss. At length, half frozen and almost dead, he reached the channel through which the melted waters of the glacier poured themselves forth, and now his game became a winning, instead of a losing one. With his treasure on his back, he crawled on all-fours till he arrived at the wide vault which usually terminates the larger glaciers. If Zaccheus had thought only of his personal safety, he would have concealed himself in this vault or elsewhere, and sought in the night to return by some means or other to his home, which would have been no difficult undertaking to one as familiar as he was with the valley, and who had so many friends in it. But as his first purpose was to bear his testimony to the Lord, at the imminent peril of being again cast into the jaws of death, he returned into the very midst of the astonished people, who had made their way back by circuitous paths from the

mer de glace, and stood before them all,—wet indeed from head to foot, but alive and with his Gospels in his hand. The shepherds stood for one moment amazed, like the people in the house of Mary the mother of John when Peter escaped from prison and stood before them. They then began to fall down before him as though he were an apparition from the Valhalla,—but Zaccheus beckoned to them with his hand, and withdrawing his feet from their embraces, declared to them once more that Saviour who guides his own out of bodily and spiritual danger, and who, as his own eyes could now testify, had robbed even the ice-giant of his power. When he had made an end, the multitude gave free course to their enthusiasm, two stalwart youths seated the wan and weary Zaccheus on a large buckler, and bore him back in triumph to the dwelling of the blind old governor, a deputation related to him in full detail the whole account of the matter, the Landamann listened attentively, and the ice-rind of his heart was melted; he suffered himself to be led out among the people, and cried with outstretched hands and a loud voice, “Jesus of Nazareth is our God! and Zaccheus is his priest!” And all the people answered, “Jesus of Nazareth is our God, and Zaccheus is his priest!”

But the dwarf refused this dignity, which from time immemorial had been connected with the office of governor, and informed the old man that he was not qualified to be a priest, but that they must forthwith send down into the valley for one or more. This was immediately resolved upon, and an embassy appointed, who, with Zaccheus at their head, went down to Wallis to apprise the bishop of Sitten that the people of the

Einfischthal desired to place themselves under his pastoral staff, retaining at the same time all their civil rights and liberties. Zaccheus returned with this embassy on the way to Siders, first to visit his mother, and then to pay his respects to the baron. The surprise with which he was everywhere received, and the amazement caused by his strange story, the friendly reader can imagine.

The baron in the first place shaved himself, and then mounting Zaccheus and his companions on sumptuously adorned mules, proceeded with them to Sitten. The bishop received the procession with tears in his eyes, upon the threshold of the cathedral, and stretched his silver staff in benediction over Zaccheus and his companions. As a rare and single instance, the dwarf was consecrated priest, and returned to the Einfischthal with several deacons. The instruction of the heathens began forthwith, and the following year, on the holy feast of Pentecost, the governor and all his tribe were baptized in the waters of the Ascus.

F. K. B.

LETTER TO FRANK.

OHIO, JULY 15, 1846.

DEAR FRANK:—When I was in Boston, you liked to have me tell you stories, provided they were true; and I was even more fond of telling them than you were of hearing them. Since I came back to Ohio, I have thought much of you, and wished I could talk more with you; but how can we manage this business? We are

six hundred or more miles apart, and there's not a voice loud enough in the country to be heard so far. I know! we can talk by telegraph. By telegraph! why, that only comes to Buffalo; and, to accommodate us, must either cross a part of lake Erie, or come crooking along on the shores until it gets to Ohio, and then shoot off ten miles south from the lake. Well! we are up, then, for our nation won't do this for us, because it has as much as it can do now to kill Mexicans. So, what *can* we do! Oh! I've just thought; if Mrs. Follen will let me tell you stories, and talk through "The Child's Friend," we will do it in spite of the nation; let it fight on for Texas and slavery, if it will; we will be in better business.

One thing I will promise, all of the stories about Ohio shall be true.

Since I sat down to write, I cast my eyes out of my window, but did not see what you see from your window. I saw no brick houses, or stone pavement, but in place of these I saw green trees which seem to stand up leaning against the sky; casting their shadows on the ground, making a nice shade for the cows, who stand as if they had nothing to do but to keep the flies away. Then there are high rail fences, and green meadows, where the new hay is drying. There lies a little colt as if it certainly had nothing to do but sleep in the grass. Its mother is before the hay-cart, and the farmer is just driving it away, and still that colt does not move. It thinks every thing but himself has something to do. But the little dog does not think so, and away he goes to Mr. Colty, and scratches his back well with his paws, until he is glad to jump up, and frisking his heels in air, runs after his mother, which is the work he has to do.

Then the dog trots along, for his work is done, and he is happy. I shut my eyes then, and had a day-dream, yet it was not all a dream. I saw the fields decked with flowers so bright and beautiful! each spear of grass, each little blossom, each shrub and tree, hill, valley, and plain, seemed to say, "I have something to do," and each seemed intent upon doing it,—upon fulfilling its destiny. So said the little bird, the busy ant, and creeping insect. What if the tiny seed should say, "because I am small, therefore, upon me the spring showers and summer dews shall fall in vain. I will snugly bury myself in mother Earth, and sleep the years away." What if each seed should say it. But we need not fear, for the language of every little germ and blossom is, "let me hasten to do the work assigned me, and to fulfil my destiny."

I saw a little rivulet gaily dancing o'er its pebbly bed. The blue-bell stooped to sip its pure waters; the harebell seemed bending with more elastic bow, as if to invite its stay. But "No;" says the little rivulet as he runs on singing his laughing song, "I go to mingle my voice with Ocean's roar; and my little sparkling drops with his tumultuous waves." The sun had just left the clear blue sky, and had gone to rest beyond the western hills. A few clouds played in his last beams, while here and there a glittering flash illumined the scene. The stars said, "stay and vie with us in beauty." Soon the gathering cloud and flashing lightning answered, "we are but doing our work, fulfilling our destiny." But a day-dream is not all a dream. "Clouds, winds, and waves their tasks fulfil;" and is there any child who

will read this, and still feel that he has nothing to do?
There are many people

“Who creep into the world to eat and sleep,
Who know no reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
Concerning whom, where'er they die,
Unless their tombstones are taught to lie,
Nothing better can be said
Than they've drank all the drink,
Eat all the corn, and gone to bed.”

Not you nor I, dear Frank, would have this true of
us, therefore, like the bird, beast, flower and insect,
winds and waves, we'll “work away while we're able,
work away, work away.” Some time I will tell you
something of Ohio. Your friend,

B. M. C.

CHIDHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

CHIDHER, who never grows old, said to me:
I passed through a city in the fall of the year;
A man in the garden plucked fruit from a tree;
I asked, How long has the city been here?
He said, and, saying, still plucked away:
It has always stood where it stands to-day,
And here it will stand forever and aye.
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the selfsame way again.

No sign of a city there I found ;

A shepherd sate blowing his pipe alone ;

His flock went quietly nibbling round ;—

I asked, How long has the city been gone ?

He said, and saying, still piped away :

The new ones grow, while the old decay,

This is my pasture ground for aye.

Five hundred years rolled by, and then

I travelled the selfsame way again,

And I found there a sea, and the waves did roar,

And a boatman flung his net out clear,

And when, heavy-laden, he dragged it ashore,

I asked, How long has the sea been here ?

He laughed, and he said, and he laughed away :

So long as the waves there have flung their spray,

They've fished and they've fished in this selfsame bay.

Five hundred years rolled by, and then

I travelled the selfsame way again.

And I found there a wilderness wooded and free,

And a woodcutter stood in the thicket near ;

And I asked him, as he was felling a tree :

Pray tell me how old the trees are here.

He answered : This wood is a covert for aye,

My fathers lived in this place alway,

And the trees have been here since creation's day.

Five hundred years rolled by, and then

I travelled the selfsame way again.

And I found there a city, and far and near,

Resounded the hum of toil and glee.

I asked, How long has the city been here,

And where is the pipe, and the wood and the sea ?

They cried, and, crying, went on their way,

Things always stood as they stand to-day,

And so will continue forever and aye.

I'll wait five hundred years, and then

I'll travel the selfsame way again.

C. T. B.

USBECK, OR TEMPER.

AN ORIENTAL TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A YOUNG Mollah,—(Turkish priest,) Usbeck was his name, and Yemen his fatherland,—strove after the attainment of wisdom, and his bosom glowed with the love of virtue. But it also often glowed with the wild fire of anger, of which he was rarely able to master the outbreaks. The smart of repentance, the sincerest vows, the most fervent prayers did not protect him from relapses. A beggar who had disturbed him during his meditations, was vehemently assaulted by him, and received the moment after a bountiful alms. The child of his sister, while riding on his horse-stick, accidentally struck him in the face with his whip, for which he received a smart box on his ear, and then, before he had time to whimper, a dozen kisses. A pretty tame squirrel, which he had trained for his amusement, once bit his finger, while he was offering it a date; Usbeck gave it in return such a violent blow on the nose, that it dropped dead at his feet. He was inconsolable at this act, which no kisses nor alms could repair, and he resolved to implore at Mecca, the fountain-head of mercy, forgiveness of his sins from Allah, and a holy shield of defence against his inward foe. He seized his pilgrim staff, and journeyed towards the grave of the prophet, through whose mediation he hoped to move the compassion of the Supreme Being.

On the evening of the third day, thirsty and exhausted, he seated himself on the shore of a small lake

which was overshadowed by a double row of palm trees. He drew from his travelling pouch his cocoa-shell, to refresh himself with a draught of water from the splendid basin, the bottom of which seemed to be paved with variegated corals. He was about to put the cup to his mouth with eagerness, when he espied a small fish in the limpid crystal, blue as a sapphire stone, and sprinkled with golden spots. From its belly issued two pointed thorns, similar to those with which nature has armed the branches of the bramble. Suddenly Usbeck drew back his outstretched hand; a crimson blush of shame overspread his cheeks, and he softly said, "Thou wouldst give me pleasure, pretty creature, but thy pricklers in an unlucky moment might wound my fingers, my dire enemy, hasty anger, might awake in my bosom, thou wouldst share the fate of my poor squirrel, and I should in vain weep over thy death with his." Saying these words, he emptied the cup with the fish into the lake, and suddenly a spirit arose from it; his robe was of heavenly azure embroidered with glistening stars. "Usbeck," so spake the heavenly form, "thy repentance is well-pleasing to me, and thy distrust of thyself is the first step towards thine amendment. I am Ariel, thy guardian spirit, and I have come down from the third heaven to offer thee my assistance; speak, what can I do for thee?" The Mollah bowed with his face three times to the ground, and said, "Lord, thou knowest my heart and the demon that possesses it. Unbridled anger foams within me, and I can but rarely check its tempests. Assist me to expel this son of sin, and overthrow the throne which he has erected in my bosom." The spirit touch-

ed with his rosy finger the breast of the pilgrim and vanished.

Usbeck felt himself as it were new made ; an agueish chill penetrated his bosom, and the feverish rush in his veins was changed to ice. "I have attained the object of my pilgrimage, thought the Mollah to himself ; " Allah has proved to me that he is almighty, even at a distance from the grave of his prophet ! And thus satisfied as one who had found favour, he travelled back to his dwelling-place. Here he soon perceived that a great transformation had befallen him. He could now witness all things, bear all things ; but his heart no longer melted at the sight of the unfortunate. The holy zeal for virtue was extinguished in him, and the warm sympathies of friendship now quivered but rarely like tremulous rays of light, along his languid fibres. He still had energy enough to be aware of his situation, and, full of sad thoughts, he repaired to the lake where the heavenly messenger had appeared to him. He required nine days to traverse the distance which he had before accomplished in three. Absorbed in a gloomy stupor, he sat down upon the holy spot and wept. Then came his guardian spirit again to him and addressed him in friendly tones : "Have I not given thee, Usbeck, that which thou didst desire ?" "Yea, Lord," replied the Mollah ; "but together with my vehemence of passion, the warmth and soaring energy of my soul have vanished." "That I knew," said the seraph, "apathy is no virtue, and quickness of feeling is a gift of God."

A breath of the angel restored it to him again. Usbeck prostrated himself on his face, and said with the heavenly rapture of devotion, "I feel, Lord, that I am again

what I was. Blessings on thee, thou servant of the Almighty, that thou hast taken away from me the penalty of my folly. Still, how shall I subdue my inward foe?" Already a purple cloud hid the seraph from his view; but at his feet he found an amulet, on which was written in golden letters, "*There is no victory without a struggle.*"

L. O.

LET IT COME.

Mr. ——— asked J. Q. Adams, in the House of Representatives, if he was willing to let loose three millions of slaves upon the country? Would he wish for immediate abolition? "Ten millions," replied the old man; "*let it come!*"

Ay, let it come like a heavenly gale,
Driving infection and death from the air;
Welcome the moanings, welcome the wail
Of slavery wringing her hands in despair.

Ay, let it come like the trill of a bird
Piercing the bosom with sorrow opprest,
Till grief meekly smiles at the song she hath heard,
And sinks to repose on hope's lulling breast.

Ay, let it come like the flight of the leaves
Spreading their wings on the autumn wind's breast,
Sweet'ning the waters whose surface receives
And bears them away to some green land of rest.

Ay, let it come, and its blessed cry be,
"Hope for the down-trod, republican slave,
Firm be his tread, for his footsteps are free,
Strong beat his heart with liberty brave!"

Ay, let it come, like the falling of dew
On flowrets that shrink from the gaze of the sun,
Or raise on the desert their goblets to view
Filled with cool drops for the Arab's parched tongue.

Ay, let it come with love's holy might
As the angels of God his mandate fulfil,
And the freed slave obeys as he seizes his right,
The voice in the tempest that bids it be still.

E. A. C.

A LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

So you want a letter from Newport, my little niece! you shall have it, but not just such an one as if it came from the Ocean House. I can only tell you about waves and rocks, for my visit is to that part of Newport which was as charming three hundred years ago as now;—more so—because then more wild and solitary. I brought with me neither silk stockings, nor gossamer dress; no—nor a cardcase. But in a stout mousseline-de-laine and India rubbers, I seek the beach, the cliffs, and most of all the nooks under the cliffs: and there I forget that the whole world is not seashore. When the tide is going out,

the waves seem to me like courteous kind friends, bowing themselves out of my drawing room, and talking till the last minute. When it is coming bravely in, then the foaming billows speak more eloquently. They talk to me, but like glorious preachers. Their themes are mighty; I hardly can believe that they do not themselves understand what they say. They are alive; they *must* be.

If you were here, you would not be afraid to go down to "Conrad's Cave" with me. I don't know how high the cliff is here; perhaps forty feet. First you would trip down the worn wooden steps, peeping into the nook on your left; where the waves break on a little bit of a pebbly beach, and you would listen, surprised, to the loud rattle of the stones as they roll down with the receding billow. Then you would turn an angle of the rock, and very carefully hold your way along a narrow ledge on the face of the cliff, down, down; cautiously, little girl, as yet, along that clefted board; you are not used to such footing yet, but in a week or two you will scamper up and down as nimbly as the lambs among the short grass above. Courage is safety—in many places besides this: and use brings courage. Once there was an iron chain put up along the face of this cliff, by an infirm old gentleman from New York, who painfully crawled down here to bathe; but for two or three summers the rusty chain has disappeared, though the fetters of his disease have not. The iron was worth stealing, so the invalid will tempt the poor with it no more. Alas! where high fashion comes, low vice follows. A watch may not be left in a bathing house, a lady may not sit all the afternoon alone on the rocks with safety. It was not so five years ago.

I wonder if there is more happiness here, in proportion to the more people, and more money !

And now you are down by the great waves, and looking about for "Conrad's Cave." Ah ! my dear, that fine sounding name has deceived you ; you expected a real cave, running away under ground, and big enough, at least, for such a little girl as you to live in. Perhaps you had some fancy about making a bed of seaweed, and taking up your abode here for a while, and living on gingerbread. But the baker does not come jingling round this way, my dear ; and the cave is only a hollow which the winter storms have worn into the rock, with their tremendous masses of water and ice hurled against it. The cliff hangs over a little, but not enough to shelter you from a shower. You had better pick up shells for your sister Mary, and round white jackstones for your little brother, and then wander along the shore, filling your basket with this delicate white seaweed for your mother. Many a quart of blanc mange will it make for the children, and they will like it the better, because you gathered it at Newport with your own hands.

And now on this black ledge of rocks that runs out before us into the sea, stands your uncle with his fishing line, and the waves splash over his old boots already ; the tide is rising, and he must retreat from that furthest rock. Ah ! a large billow is swelling along towards him yonder, but he does not see it ; he is watching his chance to leap across. There it goes, breaking into a mass of white foam, washing all over the rock, and off it carries all your uncle's bait, besides wetting him pretty thoroughly. See how he stands amazed ! and now he begins to laugh. That is the true way to take such adventures. There

is more matter for mirth in life than some people dream of, because there is something of the ludicrous in all our petty disasters. Blessed is the laughing spirit which has the gift to see it. Come, uncle, your fishing is over for to-day ; please climb up a little way, where the water drops so constantly from the rock, and bring us some of those waving grasses ; we will dry them for a vase to send to the Antislavery fair. They come from a free spot, if ever there was one.

My little niece, I wish you had been with us this morning when we went to the beach. The fog was so thick, it was like a faded night. I was wondering if the mist was not such before the world was made, brooding over all sorts of shapelessnesses. As we went down across the sheep pasture, we could hear the booming surf, but could not see it. Presently the dim outlines of the bathing houses appeared, and a carriage moving along, and they all looked queer, and huge. Then we saw the indistinct white line of tumbling surf beyond, and men like goblins running about. Never was bathing so delightful ; there was no sunshine upon the water to dazzle the eyes, and burn the skin. We seemed to stand one half in real water, the other in a similar but thinner fluid, a dream-water. The billows came tumbling towards us as if out of futurity ; we knew not whence, or what was beyond them ; and we sprung into them as gladly as we would sometimes plunge into the mysteries of coming time. Oh ! these morning sea-fogs are to me delicious ; they are a perpetual soft ablution, bringing to the body a thousand pleasant sensations, to the mind many beautiful and solemn thoughts of their ocean-mother with all her wonders, and of the good God who sends them on some

gentle and merciful mission. Then when their silent work is done, how beautifully they steal upwards from sea and land, revealing so gradually the fair scene they have shrowded, and floating away overhead, bright clouds in a summer sky.

My dear niece, to help the religious nature of my children, I will bring them to the seashore. Here they may study God in his grandest, and his minutest works. He, who has poured that mighty ocean round the great globe, formed those thousand delicate varieties of seaweed which are daily thrown up on the beach, beautiful as they expand every fibre in their native element, unattractive and unsightly as they lie collapsed and shapeless on the shore, clinging in brown lumps to the stones and larger weeds. Come with me to Newport, and we will gather them, and throw them into pure water, and cautiously slipping the white paper under them, we will catch them in all their native delicate beauty. We will lay heavy weights upon them, but their many tints and graceful forms will not be crushed out; we shall preserve them for many a long year, memorials of these rocks, and waves, and sands. And hereafter if we look upon them in an hour of sorrow, may they bid us thank God that we have once been so happy.

L. J. H.

TOMORROW, whispereth weakness: and tomorrow
Findeth him the weaker;

TOMORROW, promiseth conscience; and behold,
no to-day for a fulfilment.

Prov. Philosophy.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

BY J. CLEMENT.

With little basket on her arm to hold the proffered store,
Each morning finds a beggar girl low tapping at the door;
And there she stands with wistful look, yet intent all the while,
And when she takes the pittance small, for shame she cannot
smile.

The father lived a drunkard's life, and perished in the snow,
And now her mother's sick and faint beneath her load of wo;
And so she comes with downcast eyes, and visage white with
grief,
With all the power of pictured want, mutely to ask
relief.

Though clad in garments thin and torn, they're always neat and
clean;
And something in her wan, pale face so mournfully se-
rene,
Bespeaks a heart where truth abides in all its vernal hues,
And innocence in morning prime, is scattering holy dews.

But ah! her lot is hard indeed, and all her joy must
die,
To look a wide world in the face, with its cold and frosty
eye!
And yet she seems so angel-like amid desponding fears,
That pity masks the path she takes, and lays its dust with tears.

God bless the little beggar girl with friends of open hand,
And weigh her down with charities and bid her hopes expand;
And while bereft of earthly good, those treasures insecure,
Oh, fill that pure young heart of hers with treasures that en-
dure!

A TRUE STORY OF A WALK.

It was a beautiful day in the month of September. A little boy of about six whom we will call William, was playing in a pleasant garden enjoying himself very highly; in the midst of his play he heard his aunt call him: he left his play and came up to her chamber. What do you want of me, aunt? said he holding the door in his hand as if unwilling to come any further. Don't you remember, said she, that you have not read? Yes, said he, but I want to stay out a little longer to play, let me stay out till ten, and then I will come in and read. I cannot tell whether I shall be able to hear you at that time, replied his aunt; if you mean to read you had better come now when you know I can hear you; but I certainly will come in at ten answered he. I cannot possibly engage to hear you at any other time than now, said his aunt; you had better think about it. This little boy stood still for some time with the door in his hand doubtful what he should do; at last he said I will read now; he decided in his own mind to give up his present pleasure to the call of duty, for she said to him, "Duty first, and pleasure afterward." He got his book with alacrity and read his lesson better than he had ever read it before. When he had finished, his aunt said, it is now time for my walk, Willie, should you like to go with me? O yes, he said, and gave a jump, and then a kiss and a hug to his aunt. Now Willie she said, as she kissed him, if you had not read when you did, you would have lost your walk with me. Willie's aunt was just recovering from a fit of sickness and had

not been able before to go with him in his favourite walks where he had often expressed the wish that she could, for he was a social little fellow and wanted to talk out his heart's delight to some one that he knew loved him. Hand in hand they went on together a little way in the road till they came to a green sloping lane with a pretty foot path in it. Oh aunt I wish you were strong enough to go down that lane, it is so beautiful, when will you get strong enough to go up and down hill, and in the fields, it is so much prettier than the old dusty road? To this question of Willie's, his aunt replied that she felt so much stronger that she would try and see how far she could go in the walk he wished her to. That's good, that's good, said he, clapping his hands, as he led the way into the pretty lane where he had often been. This is the smoothest path, said he, this I call my rail road, and here are some pretty rocks; take care, aunt, don't hurt yourself against the stones, and away he bounded, looking back after his aunt to see how she got on. After they had gone through the lane, they came to an open field which had another foot path in it and they followed it along for some time. Willie had never in his walks discovered this path and it was to him a new delight. This path led to a beautiful grove which grew on the sloping side of the field. They went up to it and then William's aunt told him he had better scamper through the grove and run about and enjoy himself while she remained behind to rest, she then seated herself and took her pleasure in seeing how happy he was. A little way down the grove there were placed near together two trunks of trees that had been cut down; these made beautiful seats, and Willie could not be happy till he saw his aunt had a comfort-

able resting place, so he prevailed upon her to come a little further down that she might share with him the pleasure of these beautiful seats. After he had seen that his aunt was comfortably placed on one of the stumps he took the other ; presently he said, my seat is the prettiest because I have this tree to shade me, and then he said, Oh aunt that is not the way to sit, you must have your face the other way where you can see the grove : she answered, the reason I sit in this way is, because I cannot bear the sun's light in my eyes. Is it ? said he, then you shall have my seat, and I will take yours.—Oh how beautiful is the love that makes us give up our shady seat or whatever else we may think the best to another because we want them to be as happy as we are. Willie's aunt took the best seat, for she knew he wanted her to have it. There they both sat for some time listening to the soft south wind as it played amongst the branches of the tall trees : It was beautiful music to them both, it seemed to say to Willie how happy is the life of a little boy when he tries to do his duty, when his heart is full of love, when he forgets to be selfish, and to his aunt it said, how soon is all pain and sickness forgotten when we see an innocent heart growing up in love and with the sense of duty ; such a child is a messenger from God, in his happy heart we may learn what God intends for all who make themselves like him fit for the kingdom of heaven.

Willie could not sit long on his rustic seat, he had too much running about to do ; he sprang up after a few minutes and bounded still farther down the grove looking up at the trees and watching the branches as they danced about and glistened in the bright sun. While looking at the trees he discovered upon one of them some

very pretty acorns. They were too high for him to reach, so he called upon his aunt to come down and get them for him : she told him no, that he must try to get them for himself, he urged her, but she said no : he then determined he would try for himself, so he took a stick and threw it up into the tree, but the stick was too light ; he threw it many times in hopes he should break the acorn from the branch, but no, he did not succeed ; he did not however lose his patience but looked about for some other means, when he discovered a pole ; it was pretty difficult for such a little boy to manage this pole, but he contrived after trying a great many times and failing, at last to hit the acorn, and down it came much to his delight, and seemed to say to him, " Ah you have got me at last, you little rogue, and I think you deserve me, so pick me up as soon as you can find me, but you must look sharp for I have fallen into a snug little nook between the leaves that have fallen from the beautiful tree where grew." It was not long before Willie espied the prize he had worked so hard to obtain. When he saw what a very pretty acorn it was, he said, " Oh aunt I have got something very beautiful for you," and he ran to her and placed it in her hands. It was, indeed a beautiful thing. The acorn was of a light green color and the cup which contained the nut, had, upon its border a beautiful fringe. Neither Willie nor his aunt had seen such an one before. Willie's aunt said to him, " Now my little boy you have been so patient and persevering in getting this acorn, I must go down with you and help you get some more like it. I was observing you all the time, I saw that you did not get into a pet, I saw that you used your faculties, that you did not give up because it was hard, as you are too apt

to do, and for these reasons I am willing to make the exertion to gratify you. I feel now so entirely rested that I can use the pole and bring you down some more of the acorns to carry home to show to father and mother."

They then went down the slope together, Willie doing all in his power to assist his aunt; he took her hand, and pointed out the easiest way. Though his hand was a feeble one, it seemed to be strong through the force of his love, and his aunt wanted no better support. When they got down amongst the trees Willie's delight was great, for he saw the acorns falling to the ground in great numbers, with the help of his aunt's greater skill and strength who knocked him down as many as he wished, and besides this some of the leaves of the oak tree, that they might find out when they got home what was the kind of oak which bore such beautiful acorns. Willie's aunt told him she would look in her book of forest trees and show him the picture of this pretty acorn, and would also make a drawing of it herself to remind them of their beautiful walk. Any little boy or girl can guess how happily Willie's morning passed, and they will I know be glad that when his aunt asked him to think, that he did so, and chose to do the right thing rather than the wrong; that he remembered what had often been said to him, "Duty first, pleasure afterwards." I believe it was the attending to this rule, that made him so thoughtful about his aunt, that made him give up his shady seat, and that increased his power so that he succeeded in getting the acorn he so much desired; he came home feeling himself more of a man, and more happy than he would have been had he attended to the call of pleasure before the call of duty.

S. C. C.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

Our longing eyes we turn to thee,
Thou Source of life and light,
For thou canst teach us how to see,
When all around is night.

Though dark without, we still may find
A paradise within;
An Eden for the holy mind,
Secure from death and sin.

Thy truth shall be our sun by day,
Our moon and stars by night,
Thy love shall guide us on our way,
And keep our foot-steps right.

We hear the music of thy voice,
In every passing wind,
And being in thy world, rejoice
That we our God can find.

For Thou art near to every one,
Who would draw nigh to Thee,
And learn through thy beloved Son,
What 't is, thy child to be.

'Twas Jesus taught the pure in heart,
That they their God should see,
And better with their eyes to part,
Than sin, O Lord, to Thee.

S. C. C.

July, 1835.

THE DREAM OF A LITTLE GIRL.

My young friends, just take a look into Mrs. Brown's large kitchen. Some of you will say it is a very funny place; but it did not seem so to children fifty or sixty years ago, and was just like an hundred other kitchens in the same town. There is a great old fashioned fireplace, with a bright blazing fire, and a log that looks as if it would take two men to lift it. The chimney corner is so large that Betsy, Sally, and Fanny, are all sitting on their little stools inside of it. Mrs. Brown is sitting before the fire, with her knitting work in her hand. She has just finished washing up the tea cups, and taken her seat to have a good talk with the children, before they go to bed. The dresser is full of pewter dishes, which are so bright that you can almost see your face in them.

"Have we been good enough to hear a story?" said Sally.

"Yes," said her mother, "you have all been good girls to-day, and I was just going to tell you a story that my grandmother used to tell me when I was a little girl."

"Is it a true story?" said Betsy.

"No it is not a true story. It is the dream of a little girl. Where do you think she lived?"

"Shall we guess, mother?"

"Yes."

"I guess," said Sally, "that she lived in Greece."

"I guess that she lived in London," said Fanny.

"I believe she lived in this country," said Betsy.

"Yes, you are right, my daughter. I was sitting at the window one bright summer evening talking about the moon and the stars, with my grandmother. She asked if I had ever heard that people lived in them. I told her that I had heard a great deal about the mountains in the moon. She told me that she had a dream about the moon when she was a little girl."

"Oh a dream! that is grand," said Betsy. "I like to hear about dreams."

"It will be delightful," said Fanny, "to hear about our great grandmother's dreams!"

"And after you have told us about that," said Sally, "I should like some evening to have you tell us about this great grandmother and her family."

"Do! do!" said little Betsy, and began to clap her hands. "We don't know much about our grandfathers and grandmothers. The things that I do know seem so strange that I long to hear more. I wonder if our houses and dress will ever seem so strange to others that live after us, as theirs do to us."

"Yes my dear, I have no doubt but they will. Many things that we use now, are going out of fashion. Your Boston cousins now stare at our pewter plates, and seem to think us very old fashioned to use them."

"Yes mother, and they laugh at our great logs, and say the horse has to draw them into the kitchen, and when I say 'father puts them on,' John laughs very much, and says 'you must have a strong father.' He speaks as if there was some disgrace in being strong, and I am sure I don't think there is. I hope I shall grow up to be as strong as father."

"I hope you will my dear, and now while your *strong father* is gone, I will tell you my story; because when he comes home he may wish to read, and you can then study your lessons for tomorrow. Grandmother dreamed one night, that a very pleasant looking lady came to see her mother. She was dressed in white muslin. Her cap was trimmed with blue. She was very pale, and had a sweet, kind expression. She remained the whole day. When she was going to leave at night, she took her hand very kindly, and asked if she should like to go and take a pleasant walk with her."

"How old was grandmother at this time?"

"She was about ten. Her mother told her she might go, and she put on her things. The lady took her to a beautiful grove. A flight of steps led up to a large oak tree. They ascended, and when they came to the top of the tree, saw a ladder which was very high, and seemed to rest on the steps, and lead up into a place which looked like a city or town. They stepped on the ladder. It seemed very firm. When they had reached the top they came to a beautiful place. There were mountains, and plains, trees and rivers sparkling in the sunshine as far as the eye could reach. The houses were neat and pretty, most of them quite small. They walked about some time until they were quite tired, and seeing a little girl lying on a bed by the window, knocked at the door. The mother of the child came to them and asked them to come in. They walked in, and took seats by the bed of the little girl. She looked very sick, but did not seem sad. When her mother left the room, she said, "Some of my friends think I shall not get well, and I think I

shall be very willing to die. My only wish is, that I had always been kind and pleasant to every one, and loved God and good things better than I have done. My greatest happiness now consists in talking with my father after he comes home from work. If my father loves me so well, I am sure if God is my Father he must love me."

After they had left this little girl, grandmother said she felt as if she should never do wrong again, and thought now this child was on her death bed, it must give her comfort to think of all the good things that she had done, and all the good thoughts she had had while she was in health. She resolved to do as much good as she could every day of her life, and then she could look forward to the hour of death without fear. After they had walked a little farther, they came to a small building which looked like a school house. They heard children singing. A very pleasant looking young lady saw them standing before the door. It was a school and the children were all black. The lady told them that they might keep on singing. They sang :

"Little children love each other,
T'was the blessed Saviour's rule,
Every little child is brother
To his playfellow at school."

They questioned the lady about the school, and found that she did not receive any compensation. She was rich, and did this because the black children had no good school. A teacher had been hired for them, but he was not a good one, and cared for nothing but the pay. He

was unkind to the children, and used to beat them. This good lady and some of her friends, had tried very hard to get a teacher for those poor colored children ; but the gentlemen who had the care of the schools, seemed to think more of saving money than any thing else, and they gave the colored children the worst teacher, because some persons thought they were so stupid that they would not improve much with any one. This lady said she found them very bright and affectionate. They often came to her house, which was half a mile from the school to walk to the schoolhouse with her ; and when she was sick would come every day to bring her flowers or something else which they thought she would like. She said she loved them as well as she ever did any white children. They looked very neat and happy.

After they had left this school, they took a long walk. They saw two large boys fighting. They seemed to be very angry, and used very bad words, when a bright, pleasant, looking boy ran up, and threw himself on the ground between them, screaming out, "You shall not fight ! you shall not fight !" They thought the child would be killed, and ran to rescue him ; but it was not so. The large boys looked ashamed, gave up fighting, and walked home in peace. They walked a few steps farther, and saw a man on the ground. They were just going to speak to him, when a pleasant looking gentleman came along, lifted him up, and began to speak very kindly to him. My grandmother thought the man was intoxicated, and wondered that the gentleman should take him home, when she saw him help him into his own chaise. The lady said, "The best way to make persons good is to

be kind to them. Love will do more than anything else. We must always pity the sinner." They went a little farther, and saw an asylum for the blind, into which they all entered. It was very much like the one in Boston, and then they found another for the deaf and dumb. These were both maintained by private charity. After they had seen these things, and a great deal more that was pleasant to them, the lady said, "Don't you wish to know the name of this place?"

"Yes," said my grandmother, "I am sure I do."

"It is a city in the moon, and the name of the city is Mountpleasant; because there are so many hills here."

As she finished speaking, grandmother waked up.

"This is a very pretty dream," said Sally; "but I don't think the steps and the ladder are in very good taste, mother. If I was to dream about going to the moon, I would dream of going in a balloon, not on steps or a ladder."

"Perhaps you would," said her mother, "if you could dream anything which you like; but you can't dream what you please."

"I know we can't," said Fanny, "and we don't always dream of what we have been thinking about. Sometimes I dream of things which I have not thought of for many years."

"I wish I knew," said little Betsy, "what it is which makes us dream. It is strange when we don't seem to know anything, that we should be thinking all the time, and be so tired too, just as if we had been working hard."

"It is so," said her mother; "but it has puzzled older

and wiser heads than yours ; this thinking so earnestly while we are asleep."

"I love to sleep dearly," said Sally, "but when I think about sleep, it sometimes makes me feel sad ; because it seems so much like death."

"Yes it makes us think of death, and rising bright and well in the morning should make us think of the resurrection."

"I believe," said Fanny, "we shall all rise from the grave and be happy, if we have been good, but still death seems sad to me. I sometimes feel, when I go to bed, as if I should never wake, and think it would be dreadful to die in that manner."

"We ought to feel very serious when we think of death, but we need not be sad. It will be to us all a great change, and when we think about it, we should ask ourselves if we have been good enough to be happy with God and good spirits in Heaven. We shall be under the care of the same good being in another world that we have been in this. We were brought into this world without any will of our own. God has always taken care of us. We could not breathe without his care. When we have been in trouble, he has helped us to bear up, brought joy out of sorrow, and always been to us a kind friend."

"I don't know what makes people talk so much about the sorrows of this life, and call it a vale of tears. I think this world is very pleasant. When I have one thing to trouble me, something very pleasant always comes soon."

"No one ought to call this world a vale of tears. There is sorrow in it, but there is also a great deal of joy ; and

to the good there are always bright spots in the clouds which hang over them. Yes,

‘There are days of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy will come with morning light.’ ”

“I love to have you repeat poetry mother. Will you repeat to us that beautiful poetry about the chrysalis?”

“Yes my dear, I will with pleasure.”

“May I speak about the dream first?” said Sally.

“Yes.”

“I was going to say that I thought grandmother thought more like a woman, than a child. All that talk about love, don’t sound like a girl of ten years.”

“She was more of a woman than a girl. Her brother used to come to our house to see her, and I have heard him say that she seemed as old at ten as most girls did at sixteen. I will now repeat the poetry.

‘Mother, how still the baby lies,
I cannot hear his breath!
I cannot see his laughing eyes,
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sit down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing;
They hushed me; he is dead.

Mother, they say that he will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies.
Oh mother! tell me how.

Do you remember, daughter dear,
That cold, dark thing you brought
And laid upon the casement here ;
A withered worm you thought ?

I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you in a future hour
Something 't would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love ;
An empty shell it lies ;
Now turn your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies.

Oh ! yes, mamma, how very gay
Its wings of starry gold ;
And see, it flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

Oh now I know full well,
If God that worm can change
And draw it from its shell
On golden wings to range ;

How beautiful will brother be !
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things. "

H.

INGENIOUS CHARADE.

FIRST think of a word that doth silence proclaim,
Spelt backwards and forwards is always the same ;
And then you must think of a feminine name,
Spelt backwards and forwards is always the same ;
And then of a writing on parchment, whose name,
Spelt backwards and forwards is always the same ;
Then a plant rather rare whose botanical name,
Spelt backwards and forwards is always the same ;
And lastly, a music note, of which the name,
Spelt backwards and forwards is always the same ;
The initials combined form a title, each dame,
When addressed upon paper, may rightfully claim,
And spelt backwards and forwards is always the same.

From " Gatherings by Young Hands."

TALLIPOP TREE.

A LEAF of this tree has been lately brought over from the island of Ceylon, of which place it is a native, and is now in possession of the Rev. R. Fletcher, of Hampstead. The leaf is in a good state of preservation ; it measures fully eleven feet in height ; sixteen across its widest part, and from thirty-eight to forty in circumference. If expanded as a canopy, it is sufficient to defend a dinner-party of six from the rays of the sun, and in Ceylon is carried about by the natives for that purpose.

